

ILLUSTRATED PAPER

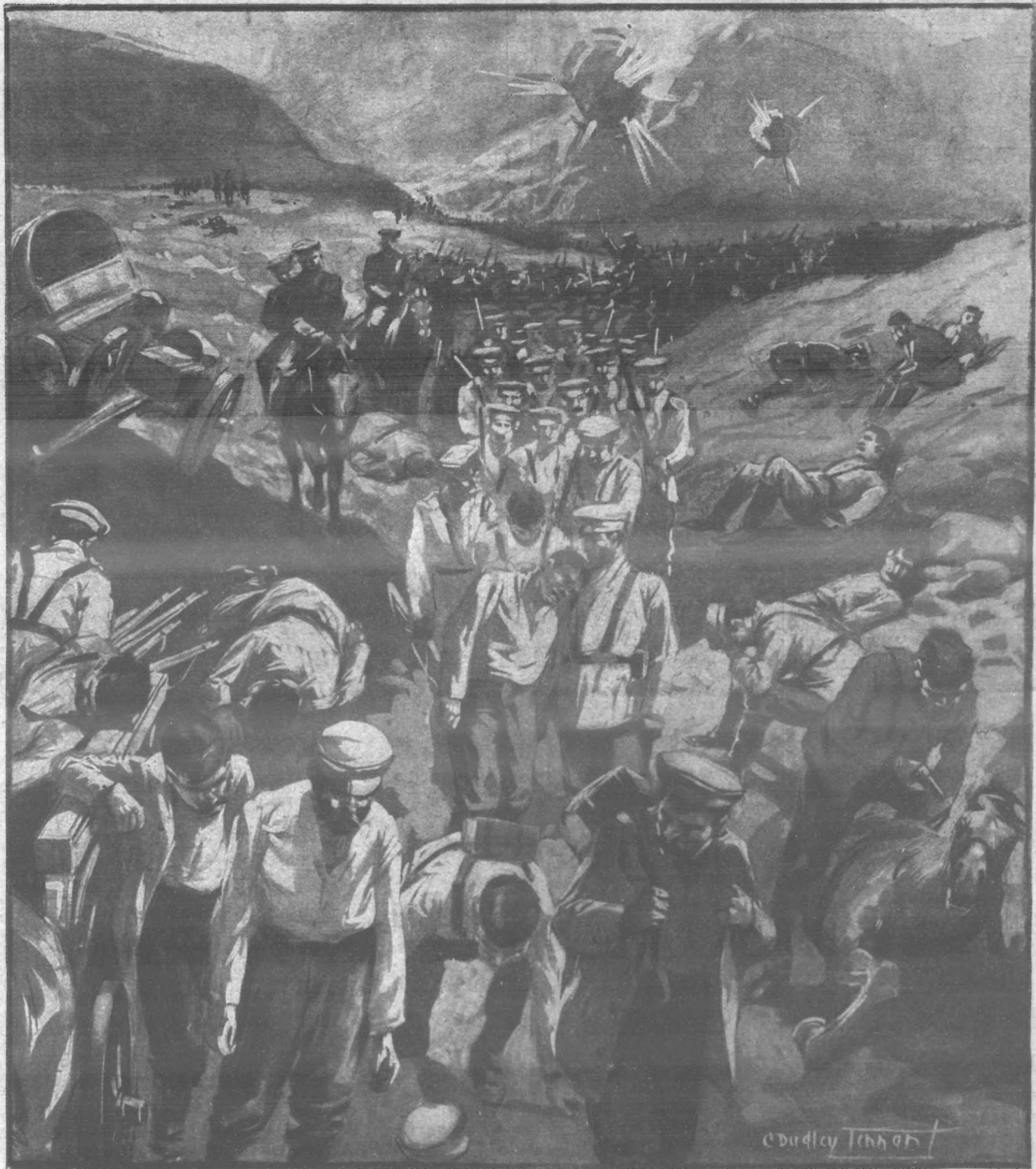
AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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JAPANESE INFANTRY CUT UP BY COSSACK CAVALRY.

(See Inside.)



THE RACE FOR MUKDEN: KUROPATKIN'S RETREATING ARMY.

The Japanese pursued the fugitives hotly, and kept up a continuous fire. General Kuropatkin's losses, including the battle of Liao-yang, were estimated at upwards of 17,000 men.

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TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
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that Cures Consumption.



Derk P. Yonkerman, Discoverer of The New
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HINDE'S The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction.

with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" both on the article and on the box. The present illustrated hair renders Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or Sample box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR
WAVERS

**'TIS THE PACE THAT KILLS
BUT
CYCLISTS SHOULD KNOW THAT
"CRABBE"
BOOKLET BRAKES
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THE STORY OF THE WAR

RECORDED FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

The Terrible Battle of Liao-yang.

B RILLIANT as have been the feats of arms performed by the Japanese during the great five days' battle that ended in the Russian retreat from Liao-yang, the main intention of Marshal Oyama's fine strategy must be said to have failed. In the apt words of a recent writer, the jaws of the nutcracker closed not upon the nut, but upon each other: though driven back, the Russian army is still "an army in being." On both sides the losses



Photo. Borden.

THE DONCASTER MEETING: THE KING
IN THE ROYAL STAND.

were enormous, and aggregate probably not less than 40,000 men.

Marshal Oyama's Report—

"After the fighting on the 4th and the 5th, our right army occupied Yentai Colliery and Yumentse Hill. The enemy's main force is believed to have retired to the north of the Hun River. The natives say that the Russians sent by train over 10,000 killed and wounded.

"We buried over 3000 Russians. Before evacuation the enemy burned the magazines near the station, but we captured an immense quantity of provisions and ammunition."

Enormous Losses.

The Japanese Legation in London has received the following message from Tokio—

"Our total casualties in the Liao-yang battle, since Aug. 26, are estimated at 17,539, whereof the right army sustained 4866, the centre 4992, and the left 7681. Officers killed 136, and wounded 464."

A telegram from St. Petersburg, dated Sept. 10, says that the Minister of War has stated that the total of the Russian losses during the recent

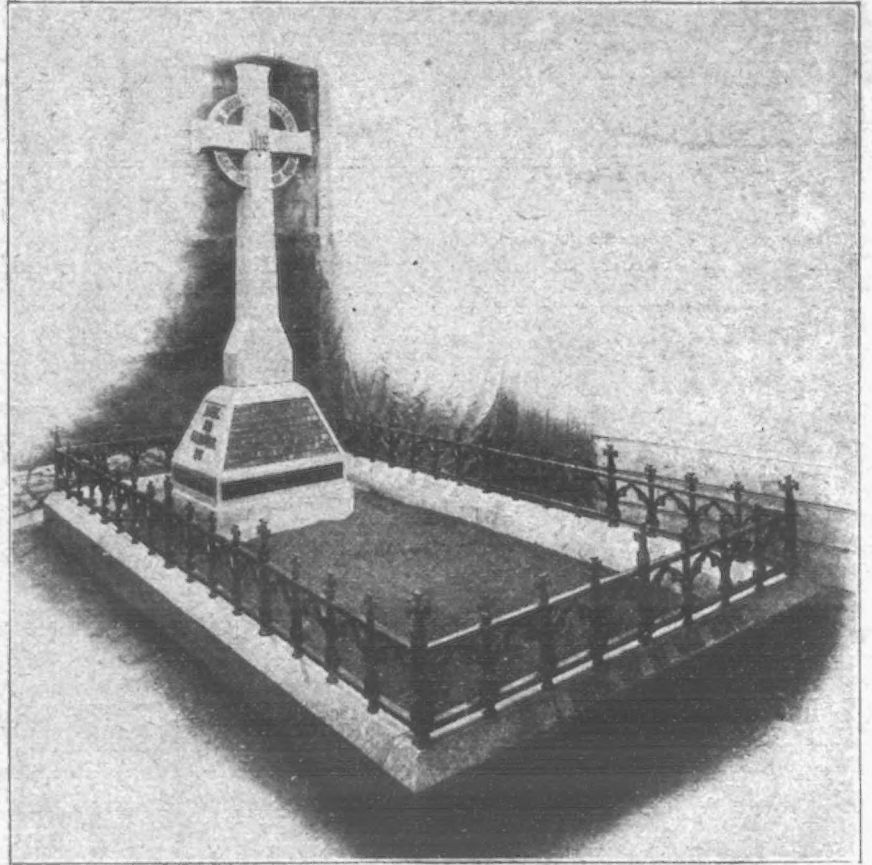
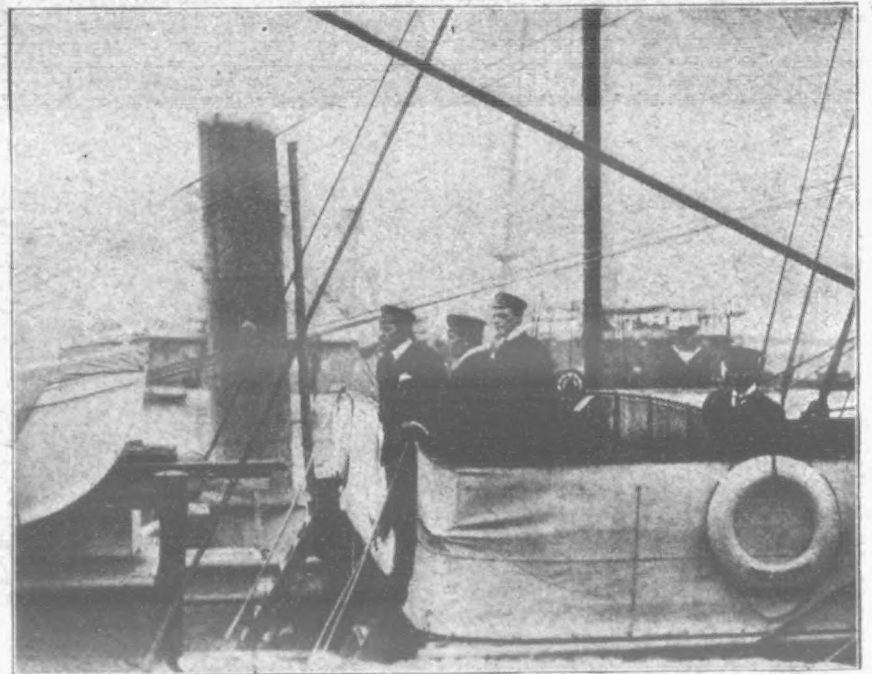


Photo. F. H. H. H.

THE ABOMINABLE OUTRAGE AT PRETORIA: THE LATE
PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR'S GRAVE,

WHICH HAS BEEN DUG INTO BY SOME PERSONS NOT KNOWN WITH TOOLS FROM THE CEMETERY TOOL-HOUSE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, THE MOTHER OF THE YOUNG SOLDIER, VISITED THE GRAVE SHORTLY AFTER THE OUTRAGE HAD BEEN COMMITTED.



Captain Scott.

CAPTAIN SCOTT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "DISCOVERY" AS SHE
ENTERED PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR ON HER RETURN FROM THE
ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

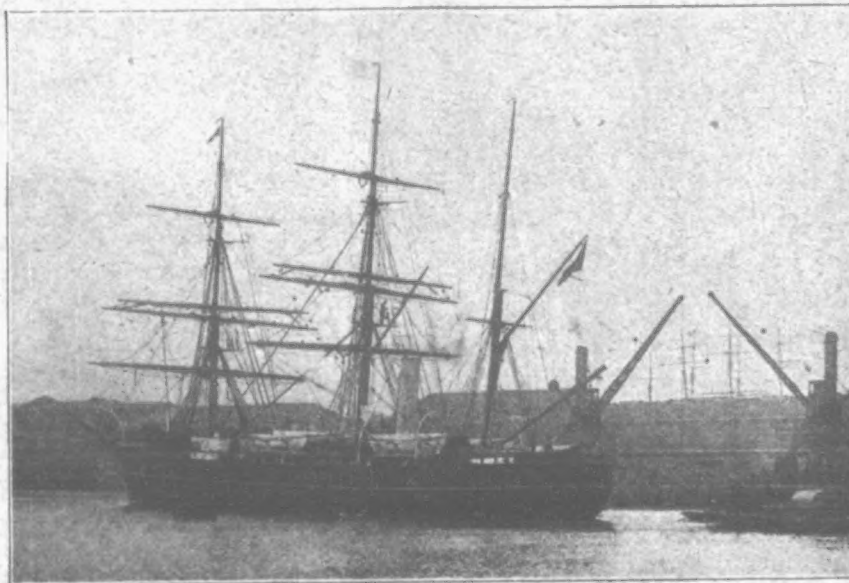


Photo. Topical.

HOME AGAIN: A SOUVENIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
"DISCOVERY."

fighting was 17,000 men, including 4000 killed.

Details of the Fighting.

On Aug. 29 (says Reuter's agent) General Nodzu hotly bombarded the Russian position, consisting of three hills at Chiao-fangtun. Meanwhile General Oku was working forward by means of rifle-trenches and artillery fire, which the Russians were unable to locate, and slowly advanced along the railway, in spite of the Russian fortifications on all the eminences, in the direction of Shusan.

The character of the Japanese advance apparently warned General Kuropatkin to make sure of his retreat, and his transport immediately began to cover the railway-bridge on its way north. On Aug. 30 the Japanese closed in upon the Russian mountain position at Chiao-fangtun, cannon screening their advance, until it was almost possible for the opposing battery commanders to see each other's faces.

Japanese Silence Russian Batteries.

The Russians used a field balloon all day. They got the range of one Japanese battery, putting it out of action, but generally they failed to find either Japanese batteries or troops.

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON AS "MERELY MARY ANN."—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

while the Japanese continued to silence battery after battery on the Russian side.

The Japanese occupied a low range of hills south-west and south of Shusan. At a quarter to ten on the morning of the 31st they began to shell the north end of the Shusan position, the artillery attack being supported by infantry rushes over the valley and low hills bordering the south road. The fighting began before dawn, and again continued until evening, the Japanese officers urging on their fainting men with the points of their swords.

When they reached the trenches on the south exposure of the innermost battery position, the central feature of which was an ugly round-topped hill fort protected by wire entanglements, the Russians refused to retire, and after the final occupation of the hill seven Russians were found in a gallery of one of the trenches who fought until they were surrounded, battling with sandbags. These irreconcilables killed one officer and wounded another before surrendering. The dead at this point lay touching each other for a thousand feet, covering the approaches to the fort.

Furious Rifle-Fire.

The Russian rifle-fire during the whole of Sept. 1 was indescribably furious, but it was

over the southern hills, where the Russians had measured the distances, and their artillery wrought terrible destruction. The positions at Chiaofangtan were now deserted, and the right flank of Nodzu's army encircled the three peaks west of that place. They came grandly over the Russian breastworks. Scouting operations carried out to the west and south of the town walls up to eleven o'clock failed to reveal any sign of the enemy, and the troops of the victorious army quietly entered and occupied the city of Liao-yang, General Kuropatkin's base and stronghold, at three o'clock this morning, after five days' glorious fighting.

It is clear that the

Failure of General Kuroki's Attempt

to get round the Russian left and cut the railway north of Liao-yang deprived Marshal Oyama of his chance of completely encircling General Kuropatkin's army. In spite of most desperate and sanguinary fighting, Kuroki was unable to force his way past the columns which Kuropatkin had placed at Yentai to cover his retreat.

Retreat from Mukden.

The latest telegrams from Russian sources show that Kuropatkin's army is retreating from Mukden towards Tieling, and there are indica-



Photo. Borden.

THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: INSPECTING THE MEAT FOR THE "RED" (DEFENDING) ARMY.

battle before Liao-yang, and looting was general in the town.

The scenes at Liao-yang before the fighting were oppressive in the extreme. Even when the Japanese were swiftly marching on the town, the Russian officers, upon arriving at Liao-yang, immediately plunged into dissipation. The Pagoda Garden presented a gay sight. From the officers' quarters could be heard the clink of glasses and the tinkle of musical-boxes. The privileged Port Arthur café-chantant women remained until the battle was half finished or their retreat assured.

Russian Army Demoralised.

The Russian army appears to have lost its battles through demoralisation and dissipation, and also because the enemy was persistently underestimated. The Chinese afforded a most astonishing spectacle. Having grown fat upon the Russian occupation of the town, they characteristically dissipated their savings in the opium-dens when the invaders entered Liao-yang. Chinese shopkeepers wisely hid all Russian marked goods. The Japanese afterwards looted these shops, even breaking into neutral premises where property was stored. Many of the men of the Japanese army had no proper food during the last three days of the great battle, which probably excuses the apparently outrageous looting which went on.

The shell-fire which the Japanese kept up with undiminished intensity for five days astounded the Russians, who were unable to account for the rapid transport of the Japanese supplies. The Japanese are preparing to make

Liao-yang the headquarters of their Manchurian army.

The battle of Liao-yang is accepted in some quarters as determining the mastery of Manchuria. The Russians were fully equal in numerical strength to the Japanese.

Elaborate Jap Preparations at Port Arthur.

An *Express* correspondent states that a Japanese who arrived at Dalny from Chifu says that the grand assault which it was rumoured had been planned for Sept. 10 had been postponed until the 13th inst., and that a further postponement was possible, as the Japanese intend to make every preparation before again throwing themselves upon the worn-out garrison.

THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

THE "invading" force, under General French, landed at Clacton-on-Sea on Sept. 7 without opposition, reaching the shore by means of punts or rafts, and with the aid of blue-jackets from the accompanying cruisers. The main army of defenders was supposed to be in Sussex, but a body of 6000 were concentrating in Essex to oppose General French.

This defending force (under General Wynne) was successful, and the invaders were compelled to retreat towards the Essex coast. One feature of the operations was a clever dash by the defending cavalry, which ended in the capture of practically the whole of the King's Dragoon Guards.



Lord Methuen.

Photo. Borden.

THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: TROOPS DISEMBARKING AT CLACTON.

mainly without target, and thus ineffectual. It ended only at ten o'clock that night. At eight in the morning of Sept. 2 General Kuropatkin's train proceeded north, two-thirds of the distance to Yentai, five miles from which place a battle had begun at daybreak. An incessant rain of shells covered the entire line.

General Kuroki's Dash.

Kuroki, severing connection with Nodzu and leaving the Anping road unprotected, had arrived at the last hill positions of the Russians in the coal district east of Yentai.

The critical importance of Kuroki's dash for Kuropatkin's rear and the force with which he was pressing it were evident, and had the effect of disclosing Kuropatkin's hitherto concealed movements. The Russians lost, won, and lost again an important hill position. The position was indeed extremely critical, and an immediate precipitate retreat of the entire Liao-yang army was only prevented by the recapture of another hill east of Yentai. It was soon lost again, but the end was achieved. Kuroki relaxed his efforts, and General Mischenko was sent west of the railway to make a demonstration in the Kao-liang and cover the retreat.

Cannonading broke out again at dawn on the 3rd. A cloud of smoke slowly ascending from the burning warehouses in the Russian settlement was visible for ten miles.

Rearguard Fighting.

At this point the Russians filled all the trenches, rifle-pits, and forts west and south of the town with fresh troops, who kept up an incessant fire of shrapnel over the approaches to the town, although they were without precise knowledge of the enemy's movements. At this time the main body was in active retreat. At six o'clock in the evening shells were falling just outside the west wall and on the heliograph station in the north-west corner of the city, whence the Japanese could be seen moving forward regularly in open order under a deadly fire, advancing in splendid fashion

tions that the Japanese, having been reinforced, are once more threatening the Russian communications.

Scenes at Liao-yang.

The Japanese were unable to restrain their starving soldiers after the five days' desperate



THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: OUR ARTIST RECORDS THE JOYS AND WOES OF THE DISEMBARKATION.

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON." AT THE VAUDEVILLE. SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE King Goes to Scotland.—The King left Balfour Abbey on Monday for Balmoral Castle. His Majesty's visit to the Highlands will, according to present arrangements, last for about a month.

Prince's Grave Desecrated.—A message from Pretoria states that an outrage has been perpetrated at the grave of Prince Christian Victor. The depredators took tools from the cemetery toolhouse, and dug into the grave till they reached the slab covering the coffin, when apparently they were disturbed at their ghoulish work, and decamped. The only motive for the outrage that can be given is the intention to secure the remains and hold them to ransom. A large reward is being offered for the discovery of the perpetrators. Princess Christian is now in South Africa, and, accompanied by Princess Victoria, will arrive at Pretoria on Thursday, the 22nd inst. On Friday the Princess will visit the grave of her son, Prince Christian Victor.

The Escaped Princess.—Princess Louise of Coburg, who escaped from her hotel under circumstances already reported, has been staying in Paris. To an interviewer she has stated her wish to live a retired life in a quiet home, the life of captivity she has led during six years having made the noise of the world distasteful to her. Another account of the Princess's plans says that unless her husband, Prince Philip of Coburg, consents to a pecuniary arrangement with her, she intends to reveal a series of the gravest scandals, involving some of the most exalted personages in Europe, in addition to her own husband.

Return of the "Discovery."—After a three years' voyage in the Antarctic, the exploration ship *Discovery* arrived at Spithead on Saturday morning last. Captain Scott was the recipient of a telegram from the King in which His Majesty offered his congratulations on the success and safe return of the explorers. The announcement of prompt honours for the officers and crew was issued by the Admiralty. The King has directed that a new medal for service in the Polar regions shall be struck and granted to the officers and crew of the *Discovery*, in recognition of the successful accomplishment of their enterprise. Commander Robert Falcon Scott, M.V.O., has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the Royal Navy, to date Sept. 10, 1904. The ship has left Spithead for London to be berthed in the West India Docks.

Death of a Well-Known M.P.—The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P. for the Isle of Thanet Division, died on Monday after a long illness. Mr. Lowther was born in 1840, and was elected a member for York when only twenty-five years of age. He held the seat until 1880, when he was unexpectedly defeated at the poll. From 1881 to 1885 he represented North Lincolnshire, and in 1885 was returned for the Isle of Thanet Division, which seat he retained till the time of his death. Mr. Lowther was appointed Irish Secretary in 1878, but was not included in the 1885 Cabinet, and he had held no Parliamentary post since. He



SKETCHES AT ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY, WHERE ALL OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS OF AFFECTION ARE PROHIBITED.

last week. The vessel, which was christened *Adventure*, is 374 ft. long, and has a displacement of 2850 tons. She will be armed with a 12-pounder, eight 8-pounder quick-firing

guns, and two torpedo-tubes. Her speed is twenty-five knots an hour. A sister ship—the *Attentive*—will shortly be launched.

Tibetan Treaty Signed.—An official telegram announces the signing of the Convention with Tibet, and states that perfect good temper was shown by the Tibetans during the Durbar at Lassa. The Mission were to stay in Lassa for a week or ten days longer, as festivities were contemplated in connection with the signing of the treaty. Some of the troops have started on their return march from Tibet. The result of the Mission is regarded as a brilliant success.

Outrage at Westminster Abbey.—During morning service at Westminster Abbey last Sunday an extraordinary outrage was perpetrated. The ordinary service had just concluded, and the rite of the Holy Communion was commencing, when the congregation was startled by a series of loud explosions. Many persons sprang to their feet and started for the exits, but fortunately order was quickly restored and the threatened panic averted. It was then discovered that someone had placed a cluster of crackers upon the ledge of a monument, and ignited them while the congregation were engaged in their devotions. Attached to a fragment of the fireworks was a piece of cardboard bearing the words, "Vengeance for the death of Kenseit," "Lying priesthood," "Enemies of the people," "Friends of the brewer." It is surmised that the author of the senseless outrage is a fanatic, whom there is little likelihood of bringing to book.

Mansion House Wedding Cancelled.—Considerable sensation was caused in City circles by the notification that the wedding of the Lord Mayor's daughter, Miss Constance Mary Ritchie, would not be celebrated on Monday last as arranged. Miss Ritchie was engaged to be married to Mr. J. A. C. McCalman, who holds a post under the Egyptian Government, and the ceremony was to have taken place on Monday at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, where the banns had been duly published. Nearly four hundred guests had been invited to the wedding, and the Sheriff and members of the City Corporation were to have been present. On Saturday, however, Mr. McCalman failed to put in an appearance at the Mansion House, where he was expected to lunch; nor did he arrive by dinner-time. At about eight p.m. the Lord Mayor received a message from Mr. McCalman, in consequence of which the marriage was cancelled. Miss Ritchie was naturally greatly distressed, and has been completely prostrated. Over three hundred wedding presents which had been sent to the Mansion House

were returned to the donors. It is understood that Mr. McCalman is on the Continent.

Disastrous Gun-Boat Explosion.—Four men lost their lives and two others were badly injured through a gun-explosion on board H.M.S. *Comet* at Spithead. The victims were Leopold Osbourne, able seaman; Frederick Charles Norman, able seaman; Walter Richmond Read, able seaman, and Tom Kennedy Askew, able seaman. The *Comet* is a gun-boat attached to H.M.S. *Excellent* gunnery school. She had taken out to Spithead a class of women gunners for target practice, and her 4.7 gun was being used when the disaster occurred. Several rounds had been fired, and preparations were being made for another shot, when there was a terrific explosion, the breech-block of the gun being blown out with tremendous force. Osbourne and Norman, who were standing close to the gun, were killed instantly, and their bodies were shockingly mutilated. Read and Askew received such serious injuries that they afterwards succumbed. Petty-Officer Hackland and John Devonshire, able seaman, both sustained severe concussion, but are progressing favourably. The gun fires a forty-five pound shell, and is discharged by electricity. By an automatic device the circuit is not closed until the breech is locked; but as the breech-thread was found to be practically uninjured the breech could not have been locked, and the charge exploded prematurely. An inquest on the victims of the disaster was opened at the Haslar Naval Hospital. After formal evidence had been taken the inquiry was adjourned for a week.

Fatal Brawl at Waterford Barracks.—An affray between soldiers and civilians outside the gates of Waterford Barracks had a tragic termination. Shots were fired, and a bullet entered the heart of a young man named Matthew Hayes. Two other civilians were slightly wounded.

Palmists Committed for Trial.—The three West-End palmists, known as "Keiro," "Madame Keiro," and "Yoga," again appeared at Marlborough Street Police-court, charged with offences under the Witchcraft Act. Mr. Plowden, in committing them for trial, said that their fortune-telling appeared to be of the ordinary familiar, commonplace kind. It was artfully adapted to the same simple measure of ignorance and credulity which it was generally assumed was the exclusive privilege of the uneducated classes. The three defendants occupied premises in the very heart of the West-End, and made no secret of their calling. As they had not been interfered with for three or four years they were almost entitled to assume that they should be allowed to continue their profession without any interference from the outside. Three witnesses had proved that they had paid fees and



THE SMALLEST SHOP IN LONDON.

THIS MAGNIFICENT BOOT EMPORIUM IS SITUATED UNDERNEATH ANOTHER SHOP WINDOW IN GREEK STREET, SOHO.

was a popular figure on the Turf, and had been a member of the Jockey Club for twenty-seven years.

Army and Navy Items.—Brigadier-General E. J. E. Swayne has been appointed to be His Majesty's Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Somaliland Protectorate. General Swayne, who is forty-one years of age, has had much experience in Somaliland. He has twice been engaged in operations against the Mullah, defeating him in 1901, and himself suffering a reverse in October 1902 at Erego. He also fought in the Burma Expedition of 1886-87, receiving the medal and clasp. For services rendered during the recent operations in Somaliland, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Manning, C.B., has been made a K.C.M.G., while Captain the Hon. A. E. Bethell, R.N., and Brevet-Colonel A. N. Rochfort, R.A., C.B., have been made companions of the same Order.—The 19th Hussars left Shorncliffe last week for Southampton, where they embarked for Secunderabad, India. In order to bring up its strength to that required for foreign service the regiment has been augmented by details from the 11th and 14th Hussars.—Instructions have been given to stop recruiting for the Royal Horse Guards, now quartered at Windsor.—Colonel Cowan, A.D.C. to the King, who served in the South African War as Assistant Military Secretary to Lord Roberts, has taken over the post of Commandant of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, in succession to Colonel Jelf, R.E., who will now revert to retired pay, and who will be granted the honorary rank of Major-General.—Lieutenant MacLachlan, who has just been promoted to a commission from Sergeant-Major in the corps of Royal Marines, has been appointed a Quartermaster of the Portsmouth Division, R.M.L.I.—The battle-ship *Implacable*, paid off at Devonport last week, has been recommissioned by Captain Colin R. Keppel for a further term of service on the Mediterranean Station.—The sum of £3500 has been subscribed at Newcastle for the entertainment of the crews of the Channel Fleet during their visit to the Tyne.—The 30-knot cruiser *Star* has returned to Sheerness Dockyard, her machinery trials having again proved unsuccessful through the bearings becoming overheated.—Another of the protective scout type of war-ships was launched at Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co.'s yard at Elswick

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]



THE CELEBRATED FAT GIRL OF BETHNAL GREEN.

HER AGE IS NINE YEARS; SHE WEIGHS 10ST. 3LB.; AND HER WAIST MEASUREMENT IS 46IN.

SOME CLEVER SNAP-SHOTS OF FRENCH BATHERS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



Photo. Foulsham and Danfield.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER,

WHO WILL SHORTLY OPEN HER SEASON AT THE SAVOY WITH "THE GOLDEN LIGHT."

had their fortunes told by palmistry and crystal-gazing. Nevertheless, he must, he said, leave it to a jury to decide the point of law whether the accused attempted to obtain money by false pretences.

Village Riot Sequel.—At Pewsey, Wilts, last week, Arthur Thomas and Walter Jukes, the manager and barman of the Ram Hotel, Tidworth, were charged with causing the death of a navvy named Sharp, who was shot on Aug. 31 under circumstances already reported. Miss Jessie Cole, a waitress at the hotel, said the crowd of navvies used horrible threats against Thomas, and that she was terrified. John West stated that Thomas blew a police-whistle before any shots were fired. The magistrates committed the accused for trial at the Wiltshire Assizes, bail being allowed.

The Stamford Street Tragedy.—At Southwark Police Court last week, Maria Jane Martin again appeared on the charge of murdering her three young children by drowning them in a bath. The prisoner, who had been suffering from mental derangement, was so far recovered as to be able to converse with her solicitor before entering the court. A wardress having given evidence as to the prisoner's mental condition, Mrs. Martin was formally committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

The Plymouth Love Tragedy.—The body of a young woman found floating in the Hamoaze, at Devonport, has been identified as that of a domestic servant named Fanny Williams, who, with her sweetheart, went out in a boat on Sept. 8 and disappeared. The boat was subsequently found empty, with a note under the seat saying that the couple had agreed to die together.

Disfigured by a Burglar.—Intense indignation has been caused by a fiendish outrage on Miss Mabel McPherson, one of the most beautiful young women in Chicago. While at the house of her brother-in-law, a well-known millionaire, she was awakened from sleep, and discovered two burglars in the room gathering jewellery. She ordered them to leave the room, whereupon one retorted, "If you make a noise we'll disfigure you for life." The girl shrieked, but before she could protest herself one

of the miscreants threw a large quantity of carbolic acid over her head and face, causing terrible pain. The frenzied shrieks of the girl alarmed the household, and the police were immediately notified. Hundreds were soon scouring the neighbourhood, but no trace of the men could be found. Miss McPherson was removed to the hospital with one side of her face and neck horribly burned, and it is feared she may lose an eye.

Hotel-Keeper Murdered.—A shocking tragedy took place early last Sunday morning at Pentre, Rhondda Valley, Mr. Emlyn Jones, the landlord of the Bridgend Hotel, being stabbed to death by a man who had broken into the house. Mr. Jones, his wife, and their only child were sleeping in a room where a nightlight was burning, when Mrs. Jones was awakened by hearing a noise. Raising herself, she saw a man crouching at the foot of the bed. When she roused her husband the man sprang at her and struck her a heavy blow on the temple. Mrs. Jones, although bleeding profusely, tried to seize her assailant by the throat. Her husband closed with him, and during the desperate struggle which ensued the burglar stabbed Mr. Jones to the heart. He then fled, but later a man was arrested on suspicion eight miles away. He stated that he was a Norwegian sailor. Two knives were found in his possession, and there were bloodstains on his clothes.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.**FOOTBALL.**

THUS early in the season football form seems all at sizes and seven. After the brilliant manner in which Preston North-End performed against Aston Villa and Sunderland, we, at least, looked for something above the average when the proud Prestonians appeared at Plumstead to meet Woolwich Arsenal last Saturday. It was a great occasion, for the

match was the first ever played in the South of England for points in the First Division of the League. But the play was distinctly disappointing. So far as defence is concerned, the 30,000 odd spectators saw capital football, but the forwards on either side were moderate, to say the least. They gave occasional glimpses of powers that were evidently latent for the time being, but these flashes

goals to nil. The Villa, however, had practically to play with only ten men from start to finish, for but a few minutes had elapsed after the kick-off when Wilkes was so badly hurt that he had to retire for good. All four goals were registered in the opening half, after which the Villa adopted the one-back game with such pronounced success that they contrived to keep out all attempts at scoring on



Photo. Foulsham and Danfield.

MR. LEWIS WALLER

NOW PLAYING IN "MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

of "class" form were all too few, and for the most part neither Preston nor Woolwich supporters saw anything to enthuse over. The game was left drawn without a goal to either side, this, curiously enough, being exactly the same result as on the two occasions when the clubs met last season in the Second Division of the League.

Aston Villa met with another "fiasco" on Saturday at Blackburn, where they went under to the Rovers by four

the part of the Rovers, though the shooting of the latter left something to be desired. On Monday the Villa met Everton, and managed to snatch a victory by a goal to nil.

Sheffield Wednesday, the League champions, are evidently in for a good season. Prior to last Saturday the Wolverhampton Wanderers had gone extremely well, but they proved no match for the Wednesday at Owlerton, and were defeated by four goals to nil. Sheffield United were not so fortunate as their neighbours, as they went under at Everton by two goals to nil. Stoke beat the powerful Manchester City team by a goal, in spite of some wonderful defensive play by Burgess, the International back, but the "Cits" were unfortunate to have McQuistra off the field for a great part of the time. Derby County, with a weak team, almost went down before Newcastle United, Middleton only equalising in the last few seconds.

One feature of a remarkable day's play in the League was the extraordinary victory of Notts Forest over Bury by five goals to one. The Foresters were in fine shooting form, Morris especially so; and their dash was very effective against a team that is also famed for dash. Another surprise was the form of Middlesbrough, who made a draw of one goal each with Sunderland at Roker Park. The visitors had a rearranged team, and the alterations were vastly for the better, as Sunderland found to their dismay. Another visiting side to do well were Notts County, who defeated Small Heath by two goals to one. It has been a generally accepted idea that Small Heath have changed their name to Birmingham City; but I am assured that, although the subject is still under discussion, no alteration has yet been officially made. It is probable that the new name will be adopted next season.

Bristol City have, so far, done ingloriously in the Second Division this season, and they got badly thrashed by four goals to one at the hands of Manchester United. But even more surprising was the upset of the Albion at West Bromwich, where Grimsby won by two goals to nil. It is indeed a sorry sight to see the old "Throstles" going down the ladder, and let us hope the lapse is but transitory.

Among the Southern clubs form is greatly mixed, and I presume that we shall have to wait for a few weeks before the clubs settle down. For instance, the Queen's Park Rangers played brilliantly against West Ham United on Saturday, at Upton Park, the United being well beaten by three goals to one, and yet on Monday, at Park Royal, the Rangers were absolutely overplayed by Southampton, and beaten by four goals to one. Southampton had only been able to defeat Swindon by four goals to three when playing on their own ground on Saturday, and even allowing for the marked advance of the Railwaymen, the collateral form is somewhat perplexing. But it was ever thus, and half the charm of cricket and football comes from the proverbial "glorious uncertainty."

Fulham's vaunted team were only just able to hold their own with Luton, the "cast-iron" defence of McEwan, Turner, and Lindsay preventing the usually dangerous Fulham forwards from scoring. I am afraid the



DISFIGURED BY A BURGLAR: TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL CHICAGO GIRL.

THE MISCREANT THREW A LARGE QUANTITY OF CARBOLIC ACID OVER HER HEAD AND FACE.

SOME FINE STUDIES OF MRS. BROWN-POTTER.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



THE START FOR THE HUNDRED-KILOMETRES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLING MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IN THE ABOVE RACE THE RIDERS WERE MOTOR PACED. THE WINNER COVERED THE DISTANCE IN 1 HOUR 35 MIN. 4-5 SEC.

Photographs by Russell and Sons.

"Cottagers" are too closely copying the 'Spurs in their methods. Science, of course, is necessary to make a really great team, but resolution in front of goal is also a requisite quality. Brighton and Hove Albion could do with a little more polish, and it was a disappointment for their supporters to see Northampton win by two goals to one last Saturday. Wellingborough also went under at home to New Brompton, the margin being three to one.

Perhaps the best performance in the Southern League series on Saturday was the victory, by five goals to nil, which the Bristol Rovers gained over Portsmouth. The Rovers played a great game, and if they can keep this form up they will make a bold bid for championship honours. Plymouth Argyle also won by five goals to nil, but their rivals were only "poor old Millwall," who this season seem quite unable to get going. Reading visited North Greenwich on Monday, and Millwall suffered another reverse (this time in the Western League) by two goals to none.

After Watford's good exhibition in previous games it was a fine performance for the 'Spurs to beat the Herts men at Watford, though the margin was but a solitary goal. Reading had all their work cut out to beat Brentford, but they just pulled through by a goal to nothing.

PERSONAL ITEMS.—Rab Howell, the old International half-back, who broke his leg last year while playing for Preston North End against Burnley, is to have a benefit match, Liverpool having agreed to play the North End in October. Howell was best known during his association with Sheffield United.—H. O. Badger, who played for the 'Spurs last season several times, turned out for the Arsenal against West Ham on Monday.—Satterthwaite, the ex-West Ham man, is already a great favourite with the Plumstead crowd.—O'Hagan promises to be a second Cope land for Tottenham; his combination with Kirwan is almost perfect.—Harrison is going to score a pile of goals for Southampton this season; he has started in great style.

CRICKET.

Few will be found to cavil at the weather experienced during the now dead cricket season, and if the very late matches suffered from the inclemency of the conditions, this only affords a proof of the risk that is run in prolonging the programme till the middle of September. But, I suppose, now that the Champion County v. Rest of England match has become a hardy annual, there will be no diminution of the length of the fixture list; indeed, next year, with possibly Northamptonshire raised to first-rate rank and the Australians over here, it will be a herculean task to get through the programme.

Rarely has the Hastings Festival been spoiled as it was last week, and though the last two days proved just sufficient to allow of a definite result being arrived at in

the North v. South game, the "gates" suffered considerably. Indeed, the Festival, unlike that at Scarborough, will unfortunately result in a rather substantial loss.

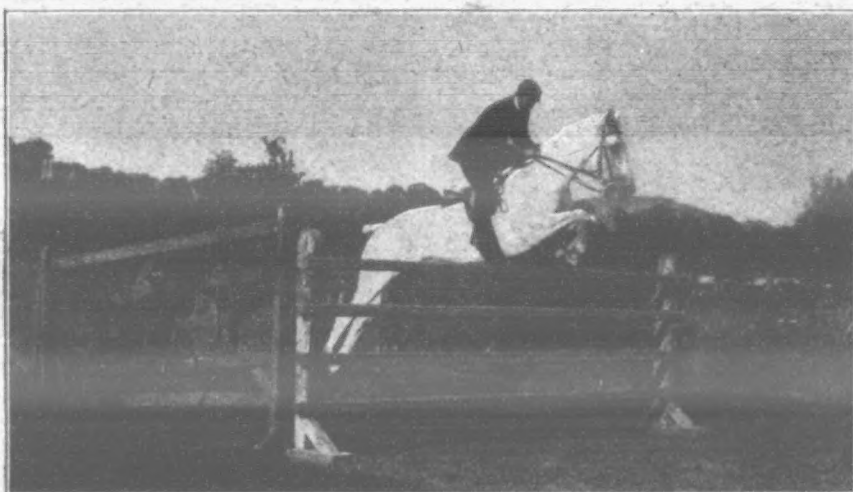
As regards the cricket itself, the North, with the best of the conditions, overplayed the Southerners, and finally won by ten wickets when only about a quarter of an hour remained. King, who is going out to South Africa to fulfil an engagement, made 92, and Rhodes 93, out of a total of 319 made by the North on Friday. Saturday found

for 94 runs, and the South looked to be in for a single innings defeat. But with Braund batting superbly, and Jessop hitting out in splendid style, the whole character of the game was changed. The Gloucester captain made 68 in 37 minutes, his brilliant innings containing ten fours. Braund was last man out, for 86, after showing very fine play indeed for over two hours. The necessary 32 to win were easily obtained by Ernest Smith and Tunnicliffe.

The last match of the season commenced on Monday at the Oval, but the conditions were all against the success of



MEREDITH, THE WINNER.



THE JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE BATH HORSE SHOW: MR. F. PHILLIPS'S TOPPER CLEARING THE RAIL.

the pitch treacherous, and the ball so much the master of the bat, that the South's first innings was finished off for 110, Hirst taking seven wickets for 21 runs, and even this brilliant performance did not flatter him, for one or two lucky hits were made from his deliveries.

When the South followed on, Hayward was run out for a "duck's egg," and Alec Hearn only made 3. G. W. Beldam batted well for 42, but half the wickets were down

the Lancashire (champion county) v. Rest of England fixture, only a few minutes over an hour being available for play on the opening day in consequence of rain and bad light. Warner, who made 115 in the same match last year when playing for Middlesex (then champion county), was ill at ease on Monday, and was twice missed in scoring 24.

ITEMS.—B. E. Wrathleson, of Lancing College, is likely to develop into a "stumper" of high class. He is

qualified for Surrey, who are already rich in wicket-keeping talent with Strudwick, Stedman, and Bale.—It is stated that "Jack" Hearne has taken part in every Middlesex match since he first played for the county.—G. L. Jessop has been suffering from lumbago, and it was stated that he would not play at the Oval on Monday; but the Gloucestershire smiter's name was given out at the end of the day, though it did not figure on the printed card. John Gunn stood down, and Denton was honoured with the eleventh place.—L. O. S. Poidevin leaves for Australia in a few days.—For the benefit of Hounslow Hospital Mr. R. Depledge's team will meet Hounslow and District next Monday. The scratch lot is a very hot Surrey contingent.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

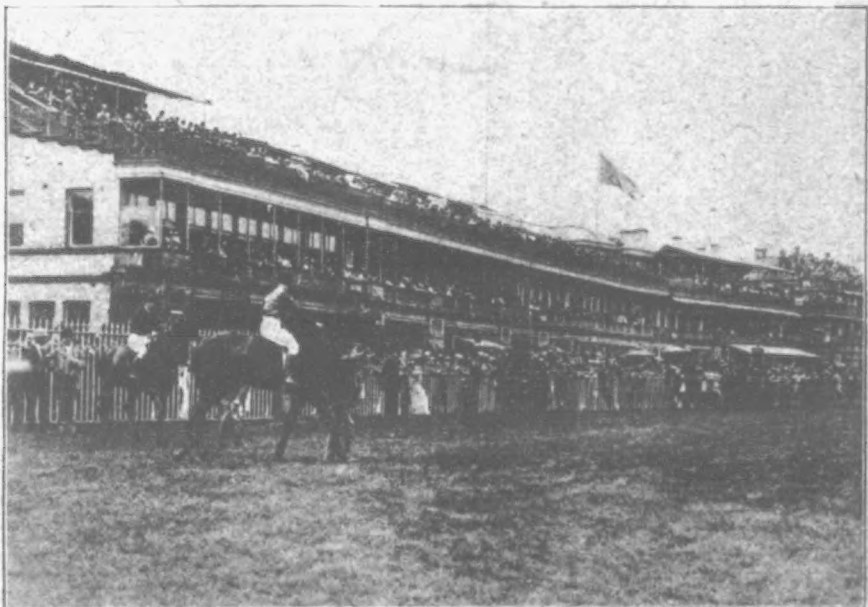
The International Cycling Meeting at the third gathering found better luck than with its predecessors, both in the weather and the numerical strength of the attendance. The company was estimated at little short of 20,000, and the promoters have, to some extent, recouped themselves for the failures of the first two meetings. Three of the four world's championships have left our shores for, at least, one year; but we have some consolation in the knowledge that in the long-distance amateur event the first three men were Britishers.

The holder, A. L. Reed, was beaten by Marcus Hurley, the American flyer, in the final of the two kilometres amateur championship. It was a great finish, for as they passed the judge, there were only a few inches between them. Five yards from the finish Reed just led, but Hurley made a supreme effort and won on the post. The professional championship at the same distance also went to America through Ivor Lawson, and Ellegaard (Denmark) and Mayer (Germany) were second and third.

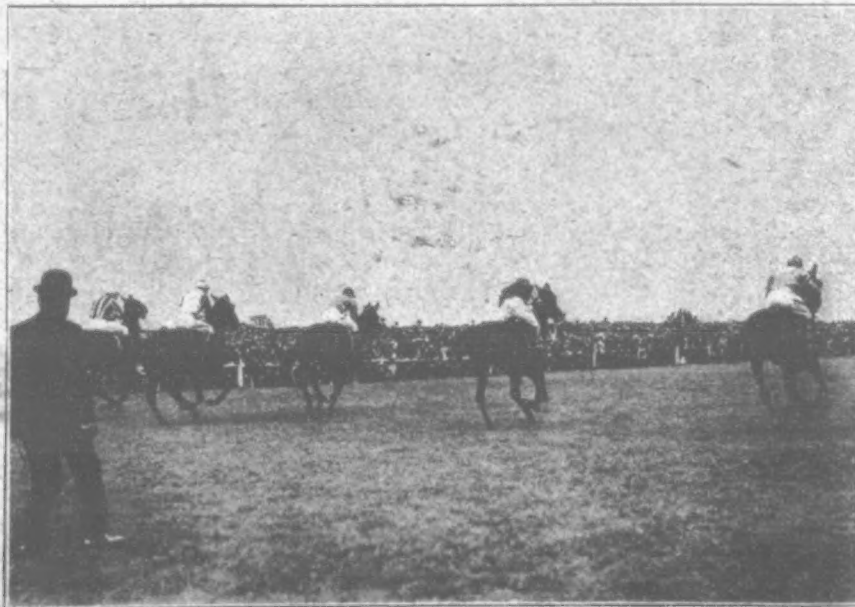
Leon Meredith put in a splendid performance in the 100 kilometres amateur championship. It was a one-horse race all the way, for Meredith led from the start, and not only won the race, but beat the world's record for the distance. W. J. Pett and G. A. Olley were second and third respectively.

Meredith's time was 1 hr. 35 min. 30 4-5 sec. The best previous time was 1 hr. 42 min. 49 sec., made by Goerneman at Berlin in 1902. In a match at two laps Ivor Lawson, the professional, beat Marcus Hurley, the amateur, by half a length; and a half-mile handicap was won by G. Pearce, of the Thames Ironworks C.C. After the sports the foreign visitors and the English riders were entertained to dinner by the Stanley Cycling Club at the Trocadero.

The Hampstead Cricket Club, sometimes called the nursery of Middlesex cricket, held a very interesting sports meeting on their ground at West Hampstead. There were no open events, but there were many interesting club ones



THE DONCASTER MEETING: HIS MAJESTY'S HORSE CHATSWORTH GOING TO THE POST FOR THE BRADGATE PLATE, WHICH HE WON.



THE DONCASTER MEETING: THE START FOR THE ST. LEGER.

The old Australian "demon" bowler, F. R. Spofforth, won the prize for throwing at the wicket, and F. R. D. Monro figured prominently. The latter is the player who nearly gained a Rugby football blue at Oxford.

The Salford Harriers held a most successful meeting at Manchester. J. T. Cahill, of Liverpool, won the half-mile, the 120 yards went to A. Bennett, of the home club, the relay race went to the Salford Harriers, with the Sheffield United Harriers second, and the Liverpool H. and A.C. third. A quarter of a mile cycle handicap was secured by R. H. Jackson, of Longsight.

There were several other meetings, but they were of a private character, and contained no interest except for those connected with them. To-day Alfred Shrubbs will make an attack upon W. G. George's ten miles record of 51 min. 20 sec., and the following Saturday the L.A.C. hold their last meeting of the season at Stamford Bridge.

LAWN TENNIS.

Several of the most prominent of lawn-tennis players of both sexes took part in the Sussex championship meeting at Brighton. S. H. Smith added to his many triumphs by winning the county challenge cup, his opponent in the final, F. L. Riseley, retiring with the scores 6-4, 5-7, 4-3. However, Riseley, with his brother "A. H.," carried off the gentlemen's open doubles from H. S. Mahony and A. E. Wilding, who were beaten by 6-4, 9-7. Those keen opponents, Miss D. K. Douglass and Mrs. Sterry, met in the final of the ladies' singles, the former winning by 6-3, 6-3. The pair opposed Miss Thomson and Miss Paterson in the last round of the ladies' doubles, but they retired with the scores at 4-6, 6-1, leaving Miss Thomson and her partner with the victory. The gentlemen's county cup was won by P. E. Tooth, who defeated H. W. Bartram by 6-3, 6-3.

SWIMMING AND WATER-POLO.

Another aspirant for the honour of swimming the English Channel has failed to accomplish the feat. But Thomas Burgess can at least claim that he did wonderfully well in that he got further than any other swimmer who has attempted to emulate Captain Webb this year. He got over 15 miles direct and drifted some seven miles more in

on the Lahinch Links, County Clare, to witness the final, and they had the satisfaction of seeing some of the pluckiest of golf. So well did Mr. Castle play in the second round, that with two holes to go he squared the match. But Mr. Forster kept his head, and making a splendid approach to the home green, won the hole and the championship.

The Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase was competed for at St. Andrews last week. Mr. Emley Blackwell (plus one) and Mr. H. L. Boyd (handicap two) met in the final, the latter, playing in excellent form, winning the trophy by five up and three to play.

Mr. W. J. Travis, whose play in the golf amateur championship caused so much sensation over here last June, was beaten in the second round of the American championship at the Baltusrol links last week-end. In the final were left Mr. H. Chandler Egan, of Exmoor, Chicago, and Mr. F. Herreshoff, of Ewanok, the tie being thirty-six holes up. Mr. Herreshoff was not in his true form in the first half, at the conclusion of which his opponent was no less than nine up. On Saturday Mr. Egan kept up his fine form and eventually won by eight up and six to play.

BANSHEES.

THE RACING WORLD.

FOLLOWERS of racing will not soon forget St. Amant's defeat in the St. Leger. Had he made some sort of a show when serious racing commenced one might have excused the creature. But he would not do anything, and was quite satisfied to let every other runner beat him. Pretty Polly might easily reduce many good horses to a condition of hopelessness after one or two tries to cope with her. But here we had a brilliant performer, who had easily won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby in fine style, turn out a wayward fellow, not willing to put heart enough into his work to prevent himself being made an example of by horses who previously could not see the way he went.

There are two St. Amants, one like the Devil when he was sick, and the other the Gentleman in Black when he



Photo. Spicer, Dover.

THOMAS WILLIAM BURGESS,

WHO VERY NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN SWIMMING ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

beaten Henry the First, who finished second, quite as far and as readily as did Pretty Polly.

Major Loder's beautiful filly is one of the most docile, quietly disposed racers in training, so long as she has her pet companion, a pony who plays lamb to her Mary. Everywhere this Mary (Polly) goes that lamb (pony) is sure to go, and thinks quite as much of itself as his great celebrity who has won now fourteen races off the reel and so many thousands of pounds. Horses in all times have attached themselves to pals, not always of their own breed—donkeys, mules, dogs, and cats are their chief friends. Sometimes, in the case of savage thoroughbreds, endeavours have been made to lead them to better ways by introducing live missionaries—such as cats, etc. I recollect this being done with Sweetmeat, a terrible creature at home. A poor, good little cat, who for long had shared another racehorse's box at Sweetmeat's training quarters, was put in with him in the hope that the two would make friends, and the lad who did the horse half thought to find puss calmly quartered on the thoroughbred's warm back in the morning. Alas! the story of the Lion and the Lamb was repeated. The two did lie down together, but with the weaker animal inside. Sweetmeat ate puss right up—fur and all!

Not much was to be made out of backing the St. Leger winner. At the end, 5 to 2 on was freely betted, so profits were small on a large outlay. But through her victory we ought to win. With her penalty she has 9 st. 12 lb. to carry in the Cambridgeshire. She can win with that weight. Whether she will be started or not is another question; but Mr. Gilpin, her trainer, has others in the stable, and whatever is preferred to the top weight must be hard to beat. I myself would like to give £100 for the call of £2000 to £1000 about Pretty Polly with a run. In my belief, you would not be able to get an offer at the start.

As to the Cesarewitch, plenty of water will have flowed under London Bridge before the field musters on the far side of the Ditch at Newmarket for the Jockey Club's long race. This stake will want a lot of winning this year, and I do not recollect a season when more horses have been confidently backed so early. I mean of late years. Rondeau I fancy much, because I know that the stable is on already, and that Maher will be up. Dean Swift is in a gambling stable, so their investments can easily account for the shortish price accepted, while anyone who has seen Hands Down run lately at York and Doncaster must see his great chance. War Wolf again beat Palmy Days, of whose defeat at Doncaster too much notice need not be taken. Saltpetre is said to be better than when he won the Goodwood Cup. Foundling is greatly fancied. Wood Pigeon has been backed by the right people since her defeat last week. Wargrave is made for this race. Catgut may be overruled through Robert le Diable's win in the Doncaster Cup—still, has little to do. L'Aiglon is mentioned. If half a hint were given by the stable he would soon see 10 to 1.

At present I fancy Rondeau and Wargrave, but one of the Northerners, W. T'Anson's or Peacock's, may start almost favourite.

BRENDIGO.



Photo. Langer, Paris.

BURGESS IN MID-CHANNEL.

about eight hours and a half, so that his resolution to "try again next year" is justified. He had hard luck in meeting rough water when the consummation of his desires seemed within reach, and he had reluctantly to give up. Burgess is a native of Rotherham, but has resided in Paris many years.

In the seventh International water-polo match between England and Wales the Englishmen gained a ready victory by five goals to two. The Penarth Baths were well filled last Saturday with a critical crowd, and it was recognised that the Welsh team were quite outplayed. Swift (two), Saunders, Ripley, and Smith scored for the winners, and Radmilovics was successful for Wales.

GOLF.

Mr. David Forster, of Frinton-on-Sea, won the South of Ireland Golf Championship last Saturday, but he only managed to beat Mr. Horace Castle, of Chiswick, by one hole up after the latter had been five down at the end of the first eighteen holes on Friday. There was a capital crowd

got well—"the devil a saint." At his best St. Amant is so good that no one knows how great his merit is. On his bad days he is just a little bit worse than anything game enough to tackle him. It is quite a mistake to say that Pretty Polly in the course of her splendid progress on Wednesday took all the heart out of the Derby winner. Not a bit of it. So long as he pleased, Mr. Rothschild's horse raced well enough to lead all the field, with Polly three or four lengths away. Almscliffe it was who came next to the Saint, and he caused the latter to turn it up by his persistent attentions. Polly had not so far presented herself to him as a danger. When she did, Almscliffe had done the mischief already.

"I'm sick and tired of being pestered by this low fellow," said St. Amant to himself, "let him go his way and I'll go mine," which he duly did, and dropped out. Incidentally he was caught up by Polly, but had declared himself out already. Last was his berth at the finish. Now I do not go the length of saying that St. Amant would have beat the mare, who never was seen to such advantage as on this occasion; but for sure St. Amant ought to have



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THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: SOME TYPICAL SCENES SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST.



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: JAPANESE INFANTRY OUT UP BY COSSACK CAVALRY NEAR MUKDEN.



JAPANESE STANDARD-BEARERS RACING UP A SLOPE AFTER THE TAKING OF THE HEIGHTS AT LIAO-YANG, IN THE ENDEAVOUR TO SECURE THE HONOUR OF "FIRST MAN UP" FOR THEIR INDIVIDUAL BATTALIONS.



THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES.—THE INVASION OF ESSEX: JACK TARS TAKING TOMMY ATKINS ASHORE AT CLACTON-ON-SEA.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I HAVE examined models of new dresses in some of the great London shops, and I find that I am right in my surmise that brown will be very much worn this autumn, and perhaps during the winter. There are many shades to select from. There is seal brown, of course, and several shades of chocolate and cinnamon (this latter is rather too like snuff to please me), and a very pretty shade with

A Dash of Red

in it which will, I am sure, be popular. The bodices and skirts are very like those which have been in vogue during the summer, but there is less gauging in the skirts, because gauging does not suit thick material. The bodices are still pouched, but the full part is driven up, in a rather ungainly fashion, towards the bust by means of a wide, pointed waistband; but a few are made with a narrower band, over which the smaller pouch falls prettily enough. In sleeves there does not appear to be very much alteration as yet.

The Large Hat

with the jampot crown is becoming rather common already. It has appeared in all the shops, whether of the first or second class. I saw a pretty brown beaver in that shape, with a handsome feather of brown, shading off to deep orange. It was very elegant, and with a brown dress to match it would look charming.

The chilly, damp weather we have as I write is bringing out autumn coats, and the airy fichu is disappearing. In coats and jackets there is no change practically; they are still open at the neck, and

The Sleeves are Wide.

The short fur jacket has reappeared. I thought that we had seen the end of it last winter. I am told that fur will still be very much used as trimming, and lace as a trimming for fur. I am told, too, that for dinner-parties quite low frocks are in fashion no longer. This will be a boon to many women who suffer from the cold. Some ladies, I am informed, wear capes of beautiful lace over the low bodice. This is a very old fashion revived, and if the lace is old and valuable so much the better.

I have just received from that friend of the woman with the shallow purse, John Noble, Limited, of Brook Street Mills, Manchester, a catalogue of his new goods for autumn. I recommend those of my readers who desire to buy in a good and cheap market to lose no time in sending for a copy of this catalogue, and, as they study it, they will be amazed at the amount of time, worry, and cash that they will save by ordering through the post from this firm (so well known throughout the United Kingdom instead of shopping in the ordinary way. A Chesterfield coat, made by John Noble, and sold



A PRETTY SCENE IN "WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

A pretty scene in "Winnie Brooke, Widow," now being played at the Criterion Theatre, is one of a charming room opening on to a conservatory. In the fitting up of this apartment an artistic taste has been shown by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of 62-70, Hampstead Road, who have introduced into it elegant French and other furniture of a refined and beautiful type, whilst soft grey tapestry with floral designs blends well with the scheme of decoration. The library scene also is tastefully designed and set in old oak furniture throughout, and counts yet another triumph to the skill and judgment of Messrs. Oetzmann.

direct to the wearer for 8s. 6d. (carriage 6d. extra), is, without any doubt, worth double that price, and it cannot be equalled anywhere for the money. There is nothing skimpy about it; ample material has been used. It has a sac back, sleeves of the newest cut, cuffs, and crossway pockets, all the inside seems are strongly bound, and it is 40 in. long. The well-known and approved 10s. 6d. dress is still made by Mr. Noble in all the newest patterns both of cut and material. This very useful gown can be made to measure for 15s., carriage 6d. I am quite sure that any of my readers who have had goods from Brook Street Mills on my recommendation have had no reason for regret, and there is never a falling back in Mr. Noble's materials or any rise in his prices.

I have just been reading in one of the journals for women an article upon

Dress Allowances for Young Ladies, and I am amazed to find that there are fashionable girls who declare that £500 a year is not enough for them to dress upon! There are others who declare that it can be done, and done well, on £100 a year, if the girl has a clever maid who can remodel her frocks and retrim her hats.

But surely it is very wrong for any girl to spend £500 a year on clothes alone! She should be ashamed to do it when she thinks—if she ever does think—of all the poor families there are who have not more than one insufficient meal a day, and have to clothe themselves in rags. However, I know that it is preaching to deaf ears if I attempt to put in a plea for that form of duty to our neighbour which is known as self-sacrifice and self-denial.

I fear that I cannot enter at large in this column upon the great

Problem of Domestic Service, and the shortcomings of the modern "servant-girl." I suppose it is because the supply of good servants is so unequal to the demand that the modern "young ladies" who put on the cap and apron are so "heady and high-minded." But there are some very excellent girls to be had, and the supply would increase if only the mistresses were all that could be desired. So many mistresses lack consideration for their servants. They ring bells in season and out of season without a thought for the tired backs and legs of the girls who have been standing and running about all the morning. I am inclined to believe with that clever writer, Miss Constance Smedley, who said recently in an article in the *Ladies' Home Magazine* that "inability to obtain good service shows inability to rule."

From domestic service to shoe-laces is not as great a jump as might be imagined. Next time any of my readers is in want of laces for her shoes or boots, she must ask for "The Tread-sure." I am told that, once fastened, they never become untied. I have not tried or tied them myself, so cannot speak from experience. I wish someone would invent a new safety-hook with which we

should not have to fight a pitched battle before we can fasten it, or unfasten it again after it has condescended to go into its place. Also, we want a better kind of safety-pin. As made at present it has a bad trick of entangling itself in any woollen garment that it is pinned into, and there it sticks until, goaded to madness by its obstinacy, we cut it out and leave a rent in our garment.

A correspondent who signs herself

"A Worried Mother"

asks me how she can prevent her children from biting their nails. She has whipped them for doing it several times, but it has not cured them. I should think not! Let her try taking a little care herself of the nails of the little ones. Very often there is a broken nail, which the child bites to make it smooth again. "Mother" should cut the nails carefully, and every day she should do something, if it were only to rub the tops of the little fingers kindly, as if she loved them. She should have a little set of manicure tools, and use them gently, taking care that the skin at the base of the nails is kept back in its proper place. Encourage the children to take pride in their nails, and to show "Mummy" every day how nice they look.

MARQUETTE.



GRACEFUL DESIGN FOR AN AUTUMN GOWN.

THIS IS BUILT IN A DARK FACK-CLOTH AND TRIMMED WITH VELVET. THERE IS A WHITE VEST DECORATED WITH BUTTONS AND BRAID, AND THE CUFFS ARE FILLED WITH LACE. ON THE SKIRT IS A LINE OF VELVET.



A TEA-GOWN IN VELVET AND LACE.

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CHAPTER I.

I FOUND it in a most unlikely spot; in fact, I should not have been much more surprised had I stumbled across a nugget of pure gold. I have, of course, encountered plenty of promiscuous footgear in my rambles through the highways and byways, mementos of the proletariat, kicked off into some ditch probably because of the difficulty of any longer keeping them on; but this little satin slipper, light as a handful of feathers, built for the drawing-room and evening wear, was a very different matter. How came it on the desolate moor, its tiny diamond buckle sparkling in the sun, so far from any place likely to be the residence of its proper owner?

It was Tuesday, Aug. 13, and I was out on the grouse moor I had rented for the season, accompanied by the friend whom I had invited to share my shooting-box, and my first impulse was to call to him to show him my find; but just as I was about to do so it suddenly struck me that the owner of the slipper might not care to have her loss advertised, and so I restrained myself.

The lady, whoever she was, had clearly come to the moor by night, for ladies do not wear slippers garnished with diamond buckles during the day. She had acted on impulse, of course, for premeditation would have meant a pair of thicker shoes not liable to slip off so easily, and she had not only departed in hot haste, but probably in fear and agitation, or common-sense would have made her pause to look for the article that, like Cinderella, she had left behind her. Yes, clearly the circumstance was so remarkable as to make it a matter of courtesy and forbearance to hold my tongue; so, after taking one long, steady survey of the surrounding landmarks, in order to fix the exact locality on my mind, I slipped the thing into my deep side-pocket and jogged on after my friend.

"What's the matter with the dogs, Duncan?" he said irritably, as I came up with him. "They're all out to-day; there's no doing anything with them."

"Well, what is the matter with them?" I queried. "The moor's bad, that's a certainty, and the agent who let it has swindled me; past a doubt; but why blame the poor brutes? They can't help it."

"Can't help it!" my friend Herman rejoined scornfully. "Look at them now and ask yourself. Five minutes ago, while you were lagging behind as if you'd come out to prospect for gold-mines, Dinah dashed into a whin-bush and landed almost on top of a brace of birds, both of which I missed, of course; and now, if you're not too busy admiring the scenery, you may observe that Hector is conducting himself more like a greyhound out for exercise than a pointer trained to follow the gun."

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, glancing in the direction the dog had taken, "there's something over there in that little fir copse down by the iron railing that has excited the dogs. Let us go and see what it is."

For a moment Herman seemed inclined to assent—in fact, he made a half step forward—but the next instant he changed his mind.

"It's a dead stray sheep or something, I suppose," he said. "What's the use of going? A bit of carrion—perhaps nothing more than a defunct crow—oughtn't to throw them out like this; besides, here's Minting with the luncheon-basket, and it would be folly to spoil one's appetite."

"As your please," I answered lazily, dropping down on to the coarse grass and bracing my back against a convenient boulder. "Luncheon by all means. Minting couldn't have turned up at a better moment."

It was not, however, altogether the advent of the luncheon-basket that I referred to; I was still thinking of the crimson slipper. I knew my man's ways very well, and, as he was an inveterate gossip and busybody, I judged that he was just the right person to give me a little information.

"Minting," I said, opening fire on him as he deftly drew a cork, "I'm told there are a lot of notable family seats near here. I suppose you know all about them by now, so you may tell us who are our neighbours."

"Our neighbours? Yes, Sir. I've appened to 'ear their names mentioned," Minting replied, with the air of a man taxing his memory to oblige. "The family seats is all right, Sir, and Sir Robert Birchall, your landlord, comes of a good old family; but Mr. Danvers, the stockbroker, that has built the mansion called the Barrows, and Mr. Montgomery, that has bought the castle, are both noo, Sir—as noo as wet paint, so you can't exactly call them notable."

"Ah, yes," I commented. "Danvers, the stockbroker, and Mr. Montgomery, who is opposing Birchall at this by-election, they are both notably warm, I believe, so they need not worry about their newness. Are they married men, Minting?"

"Sir Robert and Mr. Montgomery are, Sir," Minting answered, with a slight cough; "and—Mr. Danvers is not."

"Mr. Danvers is not?" I repeated. "Well, Minting, thereby hangs a tale, I suppose. You may tell it, as the gentleman is not a friend of mine."

"I don't know as there's any tale to tell, Sir," Minting answered apologetically. "Mr. Danvers is a very handsome man, and single; and, of course, you know, Sir, folks will talk."

"So I believe," I answered drily; "but what do they say in this instance, Minting?"

"Nothing particular, Sir, only—Down, Hector, down! What's the matter with the dogs, Sir? They seem very excited, don't they?" I caught Hector by the collar and made him lie down. "Never mind them," I said. "Go on; what do people say about this Mr. Danvers?"

"Only that Sir Robert very nearly horse-whipped him once—that's all."

"What for?" I asked with roused interest, scenting a mystery at once.

"Ah! what for, Sir?" responded Minting. "That's what everybody wanted to know. A pack of nonsense Lady Birchall's friends said it was."

"And so it was," Herman interjected. "I know her Ladyship slightly: a silly woman, perhaps, Duncan, but certainly a straight one."

"A electioneering dodge perhaps, Sir," suggested Minting; "but, come to think of it, a very silly one; for if at one time Mr. Danvers was always seen about with Lady Birchall, lately it's been just the same with Mrs. Montgomery, who is spoke of as the handsomest woman in the whole county."

Herman sat up suddenly. "Mrs. Lazenby Montgomery?" he demanded.

Minting nodded.

"By Jove!" Herman ejaculated softly.

"Do you know her, Herman?" I asked.

"Yes, slightly," he answered. "I had no idea that this was she—there are so many Montgomerys, you know." He volunteered no further information, and I asked for none. One may listen to Minting's idle chatter, but if one is wise one does not talk before him.

"Then Mrs. Montgomery and Lady Birchall are the leaders of society here?" I queried.

"Yes, Sir," assented Minting, "they are. Of course, there is Miss Denzell up at the Barrows, but she don't count."

"Why not?" I demanded. "Who is she, pray?"

"That's more than anyone can say, Sir," Minting explained. "She's very handsome, and she calls Mr. Danvers her uncle. Some say he is her father, and some say he isn't; but, anyway, she keeps herself to herself, and folks in the village calls her 'the Nun.'"

Minting had by now re-packed his basket, and having squeezed my orange I let him go. Herman was puffing thoughtfully at his pipe. I noted that he had not said a word since he learnt that Mrs. Lazenby Montgomery was our near neighbour; but as it was one of the unwritten laws of our long-standing friendship that neither should be unduly curious about the other's affairs, even when Minting had departed I asked no questions. It was he himself who broached the subject.

"It's fully five years since I saw her last," he said.

"Her? Who?" I demanded lazily.

"Mrs. Montgomery, the sensational beauty Miss Trevor," he answered, with a little laugh.

"I was knocking about the studios then, you know. I had an idea that I could paint if I tried. It was I who introduced her to Vernon, the clever black-and-white artist, who made her good looks famous as a type in all the illustrated papers."

"Vernon? Ah, yes. I remember his work," I said, nodding. "Very fine it was, too."

"Was—yes," Herman assented, pulling up the coarse grass beside him, thoughtfully. "He has gone under, poor beggar! They say he never did any good work after she refused to sit for him for his Academy work because she had induced the great Van Jeers to paint her."

"But," I objected, "I thought the great Van Jeers never painted portraits?"

"Nor does he," Herman explained; "he calls his things 'A Smile,' or 'Love in Idleness,' or something of that sort. He called her picture 'A Feast of Strawberries and Cream.' The critics were down on it; they said the feast was 'five strawberries on a saucer,' and 'three-fourth of cream in a penny jug'; but, of course, she was the feast, with her beautiful complexion and her cream-coloured draperies."

"Ah!" I reflected, "poor Vernon went under, and she married Mr. Montgomery."

"A very poor catch," he retorted, "for her. The talk about Vernon just made her miss a Duke."

"And serve her right!" I said.

"Exactly," he responded. "I might think otherwise were she likely to recall our old friendship; but as she never deigns to smile now on anything untitled under fifteen thousand a year I heartily agree with you, being fully conscious that she has forgotten my existence."

Decidedly as Herman spoke he was, however, mistaken; for on our return to my shooting-box (which, by the way, enjoyed the high-sounding title of Elsinore) he found a very cordial little note awaiting him from Mrs. Montgomery herself, declaring that she had only just heard of his presence in the neighbourhood, and begging him to waive ceremony and come that evening with his host, Mr. Duncan, to a dance she was giving at the castle.

"What's that for?" I asked, in some surprise. "They can't be short of men, and we have neither votes nor interest here."

"No," said Herman thoughtfully. "We can't vote; but we can hold our tongues, I suppose? Shall we accept?"

"As you please," I answered. "Personally, I am quite willing."

"Very well, then," he said after a moment's reflection, "that's decided. We will go."

I left him shortly after and went to my room to dress, but before I began operations I drew from my pocket my morning's find, and once more examined it. With the pride of the amateur detective I noted that the little shoe must have been left out on the moor only the night before. This was Tuesday, Aug. 13. Monday, the 12th, had been fine and sunny. On Sunday, on the contrary, there had been torrents of rain; therefore, as the sole and outside of the shoe were very little soiled and the inner lining of white satin was quite dry and unstained, it was evident that it had not been lost until the sun and wind of Monday had dried up the sandy moor roads.

"I believe I flattered myself considerably upon my acumen in making this discovery (my acumen?—the smartness of an inquisitive fool who had pumped a long-tongued domestic, and been too dull to heed the communication his dumb brutes had striven by every means at their command to make to him), and I was just about to place the shoe in a drawer and lock it up when the ornament on it attracted my attention. I have spoken of the ornament as a diamond one, but really up to that moment I had taken it for granted that, being on a shoe, the thing was only paste. Now, as I looked at it more closely, I saw that the setting was undoubtedly gold, and the stones themselves most probably genuine."

I had no time to test them even if I had known how, so I locked the slipper up carefully and hurried through the process of dressing so as not to keep Herman waiting.

With all my haste, however, we were a trifle late when we reached Santhwaite Castle, and quite a stream of people were ahead of us waiting to exchange greeting with their hosts when I caught my first glimpse of Helena Montgomery, the celebrated Van Jeers' "Feast of Strawberries and Cream."

Of course, I cannot describe her adequately; I can only say that she was of medium height, and that it struck me that if she lived to grow old she might be corpulent, but that just at this epoch of her life she had the figure of a woman with all the dimpled curves and graces of childhood. Her wrist and arm were, I believe, acknowledged to be faultless. Her eyes were those large, languorous, humid blue eyes immortalised by Romney on canvas, and spoken of by every old chronicler who has ever written of the fair Marie de Brinville. Add to this that her hair was fair and very luxuriant, her teeth and complexion perfect, and you have as full a picture as I can draw of Helena Montgomery, *née* Trevor.

She greeted Herman quite cordially, and even took the trouble to be polite to me.

"She has them all on to-night," said one lady in front of me, with a half-envious sigh. "There are too many diamonds for the corsage, and you'll see they are pinned on all round the train."

"Strawberries and cream set in diamonds," said a male companion. "Where is Roger Danvers to-night? He, being a broker, admires that sort of thing, doesn't he?"

"Isn't he here?" rejoined the lady. "That's odd! He was certainly expected. This is an election affair, and she likes to show that she has fished him from the opposition camp. He certainly won't help Sir Robert Birchall to the top of the poll."

I was more than surprised when, half through the evening, Herman came to me and told me that if I was not engaged for No. 11, Mrs. Montgomery desired to dance it with me.

"With me?" I ejaculated. "Nonsense! There must be some mistake."

"Oh, no, there is not!" he explained, lowering his voice. "Their friend and neighbour, Mr. Danvers, was promised that dance, and he has not turned up by some strange chance."

"Very well," I replied. "Some men are born to honour, and others have honour thrust upon them; I'll come," and I followed him across the room.

She danced better than I, and she knew it, and showed that she did; two turns round the room were enough for her, and so it chanced that when she signified with a gesture that she wished to cease she had so completely reduced me to a full consciousness of my own demerits as a waltzer that in attempting to steer her out of the maze of other dancers I brought her into too close contact with a lady who wore artificial flowers on her train, with the result that one of the wire stalks got caught in Mrs. Montgomery's flounce and the priceless lace was torn away.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go to my maid," she said, in tones of deep irritation, as we reached a quiet corner where she could survey the damage done.

"Is it necessary?" I asked. "Can't I assist you somehow? Perhaps we might pin it up."

The festoons round the skirt were caught up by diamond brooches, all of about the same size, but of different pattern. The brooches were sewn on.

"I used to lose quite a lot of trinkets, Mrs. Montgomery explained, "before I obliged my maid to see to putting them on properly."

"People do lose jewellery in all sorts of places," I said, as I pinned up the flounce with two gold-headed pins she gave me. "I found a diamond ornament myself in a most unlikely spot only this morning."

"Indeed! Where?" she queried.

"Out on the moors," I answered, still busying myself with the lace.

"Oh," she said carelessly, "folks who wear diamonds on a grouse-moor deserve to lose them."

"The strange part of it is that the diamond ornament was on a crimson satin slipper. I have not till now mentioned my find to anybody, but I should like to return the diamonds to their owner."

"On a shoe?" Mrs. Montgomery repeated.

"I fancy your diamonds are only worthless paste, Mr. Duncan," and she laughed a laugh that had a little sneer in it.

"I think not—in fact, I'm sure they're not," I answered coolly.

"What makes you sure?" she demanded.

"Well, for one reason," I replied, rising from my stooping attitude and looking full at her, "there's an ornament of the same pattern on your train."

"Which one?" she asked, stooping quickly, and by a turn of her dainty wrist bringing the skirt round her till the train lay between us.

"The spray of shamrocks," I answered, "on the fifth festoon from the front."

She swung the train back, looked into my face, and laughed again. "You've discovered a dead secret," she said. "When the dressmaker sent the gown, my maid found I had not ornaments enough; she went into the town and bought me that one and its two neighbours at a fancy shop. She gave eighteenpence each for them, and brought them home pinned on cards."

I knew that Mrs. Montgomery was lying, for, like many liars, she had amplified the lie a little too much. The shamrock design was unknown to me, but its neighbour on the fourth festoon was a pheasant with a ruby eye. I had bought just such a brooch as a wedding present not long ago, and knew that the design was the property of the noted firm from whom I got the article, and that it might not be copied in glass and sold for eighteenpence pinned to a card in a fancy shop.

I felt disgusted with the woman for her duplicity. The lie she had told me with so much insolent coolness helped me to remember my friend Herman's face when he first spoke to me of her, and the story of the artist Vernon, who had made her famous and then gone under; and from that moment, I am thankful to say, her perfect physical attractions ceased to have any effect on me.

I led her back to the ball-room after that, and did not see her again till we made our adieux. Herman was very silent on the drive home, and when we reached Elsinore, sat down and commenced to smoke. I, on the contrary, went to the writing-table in our den and got out the survey map given me by the agent from whom I had rented the place, and, opening it, spread it before me.

"What are you doing?" Herman asked.

"Nothing much," I answered. "I want to see how the land lies, that's all."

"The map will tell you that," he said. "It's a good map if it's not a good moor. They've got every stone down, I believe. It's a pity they have forgotten to mark the birds as well."

Herman was right, the map was a good one, and without any trouble I found the place where I had discovered the crimson slipper. It had lain only a few yards to the left of a little foot-track, which ran from the carriage road across the moor to a small gate in an iron fence bounding the land over which I held the shooting rights. The small copse which had excited my dog's curiosity lay about midway between the spot where I had found the slipper and the gate, but except that it helped me to locate the place I took no notice of it. What I wanted to know was where that foot-track led. Yes, my surmise was correct, the land beyond the iron fence was boldly marked on the map, "Property of Roger Danvers, Esquire, of the Barrows."

"Ah!" said I to myself, "Mrs. Montgomery had some pressing electioneering business on Monday night, it seems." And, dipping a pen in the first pot of ink to hand, I marked a little cross upon the spot. The ink that I had used was red, and showed up vividly. Then I folded the map without a second thought, and stuck it carelessly into a paper-rack. I had no motive in all this—it was merely a matter of idle curiosity; nothing more. But fate sometimes punishes us as severely for our follies as our crimes, and the marking of that bright red cross on the survey map was a folly that later on I had cause to repent.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT! another letter from Mrs. Montgomery? Herman exclaimed as we entered our den late the following afternoon. "By Jove! Duncan, it's addressed to you. I beg your pardon," and he handed me, not without some chagrin, the envelope which he had already half-opened.

"For me?" I said carelessly. "Congratulate me. I must have made good use of my time. It's an invitation to dinner this evening, Herman. Will you come?"

"No," he answered half-angrily. "You can make excuses for me, as the notice is so short—that is, if you're going."

"Yes, I think I shall go," I said after a moment spent in simulated hesitation; for little as I cared to go to Santhwaite Castle, much as I disliked the idea of annoying my friend, Mrs. Montgomery's letter really left me no option. Added to it was a postscript, the contents of which I had not communicated to Herman, to the effect that she really thought the article I spoke of having found must belong to her after all, and that she would be very glad if I would return it, and would also bring her a bunch of the Marie Louise roses that grew on the south wall of my house.

The meaning of the two requests, one running into the other, was plain enough for a schoolboy's intelligence. I was to put the little shoe into a box with some flowers, and I should

then be at liberty to hand it to her without attracting attention even in a crowd.

The inquisitive Minting procured me the flowers, and Mrs. Foreman, my cook house-keeper, turned out some ribbons from a box which proved the very thing I wanted. But when I came downstairs to start for Santhwaite with the box under my arm, Herman, who followed me to the door, exclaimed—

"What have you got there, Duncan?"

"Flowers," I answered as coolly as possible, "for Mrs. Montgomery."

He had been ruffled, I knew, because the invitation was addressed to me instead of to himself, and his temper was not improved by the fact that he despised himself for feeling annoyed about it. His irritation betrayed him into taking a liberty with me—a thing neither of us had ever been guilty of before.

"Flowers for Mrs. Montgomery!" he said. "The man who takes flowers from Elsinore to Santhwaite has lost all sense of proportion."

As I had expected I had to hand her the box before her guests, and I did it with the best air I could command.

I thought that her husband (a stout, middle-aged man, with a dark heavy face) glanced curiously at her as she thanked me profusely; but immediately after he turned his attention elsewhere with the air of a man too used to these vagaries to trouble himself much about them, nor did he again notice me during the course of the evening. Instead of trusting to my honour, as she might, and indeed ought, to have done, she insisted on further lowering herself in my eyes by whispering that she believed that her little Irish terrier Rags must have stolen the slipper and taken it out on the moor, as she couldn't account for the loss in any other way.

It was with a cheerful sense of relief that I got into my dog-cart and drove through the lodge gates of Santhwaite Castle into the high road beyond.

I was alone, and had only got about a couple of hundred yards from the gates when someone stepped suddenly from the hedge and signed to me to draw up. It was a woman, tall and finely built. Her head and face were wrapped in a shawl, and I could see nothing distinctly but her white hands with long, delicate, taper fingers.

"You are the gentleman from Elsinore?" she said.

"I am," I replied.

"Mr. Herman, or Mr. Duncan?"

"My name is Duncan."

"The footman said so," she continued, "but I thought it was the other one. Oh, Mr. Duncan, you brought it back to her to-night! Tell me, pray tell me where you found it?"

"My good girl," I answered, "I don't know what you are talking about."

"You do," she retorted rudely. "You brought it back to her in that box with the trumpery flowers! Do you think I don't know? What did she want with flowers from Elsinore? It came in that box, and she threw it into the

bottom of a cupboard, and she'll have it found to-morrow. As if that was any sort of use, when I've been looking for it since Monday night, and know it wasn't there before!"

"You're talking riddles," I said, as coolly as I could, "and I think you're foolish to work yourself up like this."

"Foolish!" she retorted. "Foolish! There are others worse than me. She has got the crimson slipper back through you, but how about the stocking—the stocking? She walked

appeared entirely. Where did she meet him, that's the question, and what has she done with him? As true as there's a Heaven above us I think that she has killed him! Only tell me where you found the slipper, and I can go and look for him myself."

Just for a moment the absolute conviction expressed by every tone of the girl's deep voice startled me, but I recovered myself almost immediately, for the idea was too absurd. "Go home," I said, "and wait, and don't

thoroughly that I am not going to drive over you, and I am not going to tell you anything. If you can afford to stay here all night, why, so can I."

She made no answer, but stood there in sullen silence holding the horse's head. The shawl, or whatever it was she wore, must have been fastened on, for though both hands were engaged it did not fall away. Her face was still nothing but a dim white oval shadowed by it.

My cigar was half-consumed before she broke the silence.

"Are you going to tell me?" she demanded.

"No, I am not," I replied. "I'm sorry you insist on tiring yourself like this."

She did not answer. When the cigar was a mere stump I threw it away, and, feeling for my case, asked civilly—

"Have I time for another?"

She let the horse's head go then with a jerk that startled him, sober as he was.

"No," she said. "I've done with you for to night, but I've not done with either of you, for all that. I'll live to tell the world how she went to meet one man, and the other brought her back her shoe like a tame dog, and got a dog's thanks for his pains, I daresay. You can go, you cur!"

"Good-night," I said, as I gave the cob his head and dashed past her along the road.

Mrs. Montgomery, I thought, was an idiot to have worried about the shoe, and never thought about the stocking. When I got to Elsinore, Minting was waiting for me. He was not only waiting, but at the door with his stable lantern alight.

"You're late, Sir," he said; "but, thank Heavens, you've come! Me and Mrs. Foreman have been that anxious about you."

"I'm not particularly late," I responded. "But you can put the horse up and get to your bed as soon as you like, Minting."

"Bed, Sir!" he exclaimed. "I'd have sat up all night, and pleased to do it, to see you back safe. These here moorland roads—"

"Oh, they're all right," I answered briefly, for I could not stand Minting as an old woman.

"You don't know, Sir," he said. "You won't say that, Sir, when you hear the news. Your own neighbour, Sir, Mr. Roger Danvers, has been missing since Monday, and they've found him to-day dead, Sir—murdered and shot through the heart!"

"What's that you say?" I demanded, sharply. "Murdered, Sir?" Minting repeated impressively, with the intense satisfaction of a man who loves a horror for horror's sake.

"Missing since Monday, did you say?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir, and found in his blood, lying out on the moor, our moor, Sir—what you two gentlemen have been a-shooting over all the week."

I shuddered. It seemed to me that the night had turned suddenly cold.

"Put the horse up," I said, briefly, and went in.

(To be continued.)



VIEWING SOME OF LORD ANGLESEY'S EFFECTS IN A SHOP-WINDOW AT WESTMINSTER, WHERE THEY ARE EXPOSED FOR SALE.

in barefoot? I've got that safe, all stained and torn. How about the thorns and the scratches on her foot! I've seen them."

"Well," I said, "if you have I don't see why you should come to me."

"You don't understand, Sir," she cried, passionately, drawing closer to me in her eagerness. "She met him that night, I'm sure she did. She has been writing to him for ever so long without her husband's knowledge. No one—no one knows of it but me, and that night I'm sure she met him alone."

"There's a friend of yours in the case, then?" I said, coldly. "Look here, my good girl, if you're so sure about this unpleasant business give up thinking about the man, and let matters take their course. After all, it's no business of ours."

"It is our business," she answered, with fierce anger. "It's your business, and every honest man's business, and you'll find it out when too late if you're not careful! Mr. Duncan, he has not been seen since Monday night—he has dis-

throw your sympathy away on a man who is probably treating you very badly."

"How do you know how he is treating me?" she demanded. "He treated me well, and always would have done but for her. Will you tell me where you found it?"

"I'm not going to tell you anything," I replied. "The road is very narrow, and if you're a wise girl you'll step aside."

"I won't!" she retorted. "You shall tell me or drive over me!" and with a sudden spring she wound both her hands in my reins.

The cob flinched, but I steadied him, and she narrowly escaped his hoofs. I thought it probable that if I started him she would get out of the way; but on the other hand, if she didn't move quickly enough she might be hurt.

"Very good," I said. "As you've got the horse's head, perhaps you'll see that he doesn't bolt while I light up," and dropping the reins I got out my cigar-case.

When I had a cigar well alight I resumed the reins and continued: "I want you to understand

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"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

THE question of booking in advance for seats at theatres is being again discussed. I certainly do not see that because the experiment once failed it should always fail. My belief is that, judiciously planned, the system of booking seats would be equally of advantage to the manager and the playgoer. The manager would make sure of an audience independently of the weather, and the playgoer would be secure of a seat. The American system has its faults, but at least you can make sure of a seat by paying for it beforehand. I think London is behind the times in giving so little attention to the pit and gallery patrons, and I fancy the subject explains much of the ill-feeling on first nights towards new plays. At any rate, the experiment should be tried once more.

Most welcome is the announcement that there will be a six weeks season of opera at Covent Garden by the company of the San Carlo, Naples. Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth have displayed the utmost energy in the scheme, having engaged the orchestra and the chorus, and having also secured that prince of tenors, Signor Caruso. The season will commence on Oct. 15, and the works performed will be mainly Italian.

The first Covent Garden ball will take place on Friday, Sept. 30. Mr. Dan Godfrey's orchestra is engaged, and valuable prizes will be given as usual for the most striking costumes. The balls will not interfere with the autumn opera season, as there will be no operas on the ball nights.

The veteran Mr. John Billington has passed away at the age of seventy-six, regretted by a very large circle, among them being Mr. Toole, Sir Henry Irving, and other notabilities. Playgoers of the past have not forgotten Mr. Billington's many appearances at the Adelphi or his assistance during later years to Mr. Toole.

The new version of "Black-Eyed Susan," written by Mr. Oswald Brand, turns the two acts of Douglas Jerrold into three, and adds a new character, named Mrs. Twigg. It will be produced next Monday at the Grand, Islington.

I hear great things of Mr. Tree's "Tempest," to be produced this week. The scene of the shipwreck, judging from the rehearsal, will surpass all scenic effects hitherto tried at this theatre. Mr. Tree, as Caliban, will play the part in a realistic manner, but not with any new readings.

Mr. A. C. Calmoun has written a new play for Miss Ada Reeve called "The Morals of Connie." It will be, as the title suggests, of a more lively character than Mr. Calmoun's last play, "Dante," which hardly sustained the reputation of the author of "The Amber Heart."

The music-halls seem to displace the theatres rapidly, and I hear of another suburban theatre being given up to the variety stage. This is the natural result of building theatres too rapidly. The market was overstocked. The idea was

that touring companies would supply the plays required, but that does not satisfy local audiences.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey will not return to this country so soon as playgoers had expected. He has been so successful on the American stage that he has been tempted to make a longer stay, and will not return to England until next April.

A book likely to attract considerable attention will shortly be published. "Sir Arthur Sullivan, His Life and Music," is the title, and the author is Mr. B. W. Findon, a relative of the late composer. The work will include many of Sir Arthur's views on modern music, which he was unwilling to discuss in his lifetime.

Mrs. Langtry's new play is founded on an incident which came to her knowledge during a voyage to New York. A married lady happens to be set down on the list of passengers as a spinster. She keeps up the error in a jocular spirit while a bachelor on board makes love to her, much to the annoyance of the husband, who is on board the vessel. A terrible scandal arises from the fact that the husband is seen coming out of her cabin. I need not tell the sequel, which Mrs. Langtry has made sufficiently amusing, the scenes being all the more picturesque owing to the entire action taking place on the deck of a crack American liner. Mrs. Langtry will shortly produce the play, which still lacks a title, about the end of September in the provinces.

Mr. Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann" gave Miss Eleanor Robson an opportunity of displaying her charmingly innocent and fascinating manner in the earlier portion of the play, but when the author changes the situation and Mary Ann becomes a wealthy and grand lady, the interest fades, and Miss Robson did not succeed in sustaining the brilliant impression she made as the homely little "slavey." I fancy I could name more than one young English actress who would make quite as much of the simple heroine as Miss Robson, but who has never had such wholesale puffery bestowed upon her as the American actress, who is lauded in terms that would hardly have been extravagant if she had proved herself a second Sarah Bernhardt.

The Adelphi will be closed all this week for rehearsals of "The Prayer of the Sword." Mr. Oscar Asche, Miss Lily Brayton, and a strong company will appear in this play next Monday.

Next Wednesday at the Comedy Theatre Mr. Boosey's adaptation, "His Highness my Husband," will be produced. Mr. Boosey is said to have done his work well, although he has not had great experience in the art of white-washing "risky" French plays. Mr. Philip Cunningham, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Clements, and Messrs. Leonard Boyne, Paul Arthur, and Herbert Ross will also be seen in the play. The amusing situations in the original are, I learn, preserved.

I sincerely hope the Shaksperian memorial will not fall through. I have always felt it to be a reproach to London that after three centuries no adequate statue has been erected. In most Continental cities the great poets of the country are honoured as if the people were

proud of them. I shall be told that my countrymen are well acquainted with Shaksperian works. I have some doubts as to that, but in any case they should be reminded frequently of the poet who was "not for an age, but for all time," and who has done more for England's fame and prestige than any other man. The random suggestions made by the public are best answered in the words of Mr. Tree, that "the tribute should be national or not at all." He is worthily celebrating Shakspeare this week by his revival of "The Tempest."

"The Catch of the Season" will certainly prove a catch for the Vaudeville. It is something of a novelty in musical comedy. There is a funny and irresponsible song about a butterfly in love. It has no relation to the plot, but these

sort of songs seldom have. "The Catch of the Season" is simply a new version of Cinderella illustrated in modern fashion. The Fairy Godmother is an aunt, who brings Cinderella a splendid dress from Paris, and thus enables her to go to the ball. But I think the pretty old legend might have been worked out without so many incongruous incidents. Mr. Seymour Hicks is excellent as the lover, and the scene where he proposes to Cinderella is charming. The two ugly sisters are a couple of ultra-fashionable women. Miss Zena Dare plays the heroine, which part was, I think, intended for Miss Ellaline Terriss.

"The Earl and the Girl" having found a new home at the Lyric Theatre, advantage has been taken of the change to introduce some fresh features of attraction. First the theatre has been splendidly redecorated and is brilliant in scarlet and gold; Miss Hart-Dyke has a new dance called "L'Entente Cordiale," supported by representations of France, Japan, Russia, Italy, America, and England; Miss Louie Pounds is supplied with an "owl song," illuminated with electrical effects, Mr. Robert Evett has a "gondola song"; Mr. Walter Passmore and Miss Florence Lloyd a duet, "The Patchwork Garden." The inevitable "Sammy" once more appears, and Miss Agnes Fraser has a "cookery song," in which she makes a pudding while singing.

"It is all very fine," writes Mr. Keble Howard in this week's *Sketch*, "for superior people to rave against musical comedy, to declare that it is inane, that it is bad for the People, that it is killing the Higher Drama. Why don't they do something practical, these passionate ones? Why don't they show up the musical comedy in all its witlessness? Why don't they strip off the fair-seeming flesh and expose to public gaze the cheap, second-hand skeleton? Why don't they, in short, emulate Mr. Malcolm Watson?" For Mr. Watson, let me tell you, has done a fine thing. He has deliberately written the book of a musical comedy and presented it in a theatre without the adventitious aid of music.

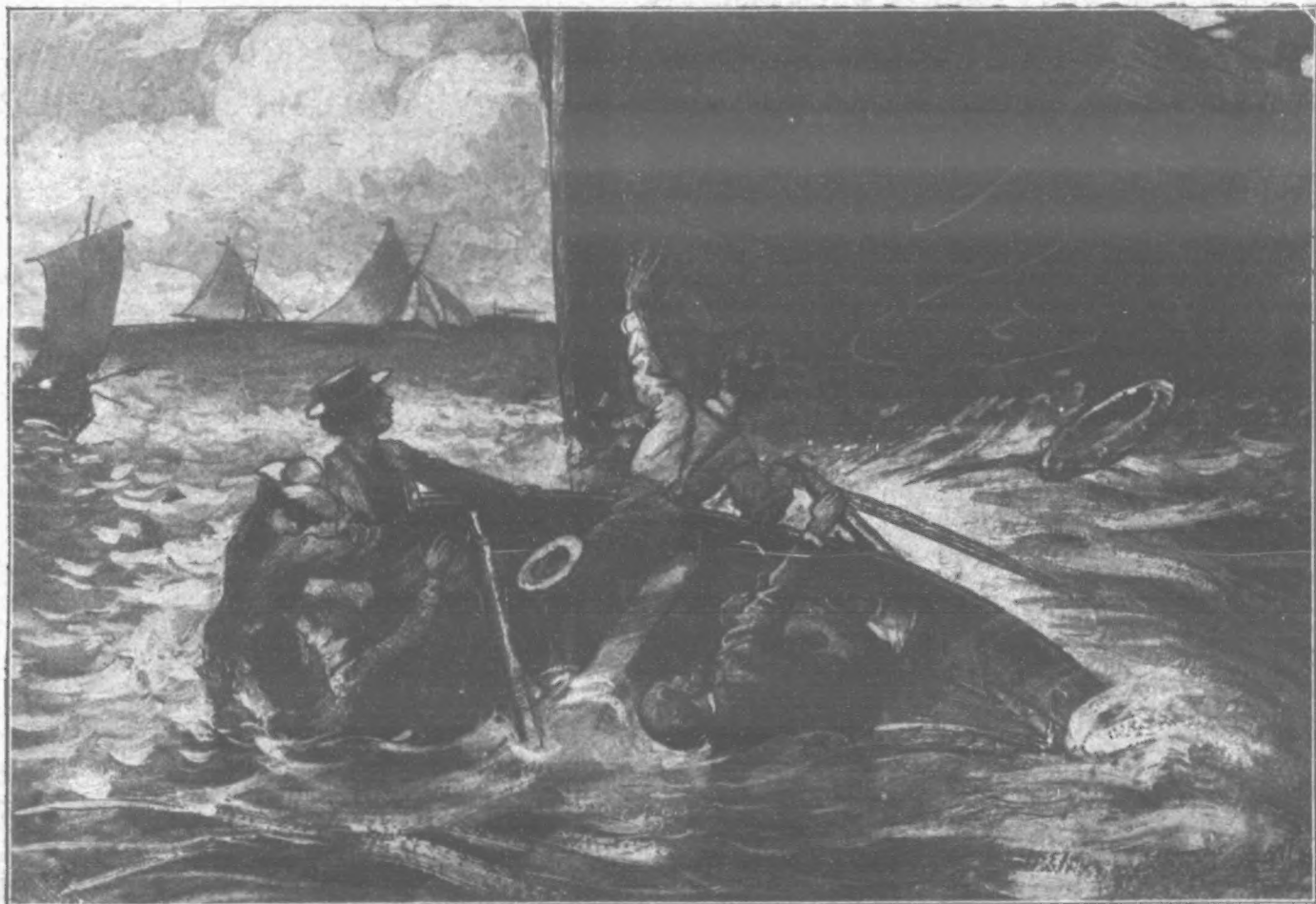
"More than that, he has persuaded one of the greatest goddesses of the musical comedy stage to abet him in his scheme. Miss Ada Reeve, by appearing at the Criterion in 'Winnie Brooke, Widow,' has proved to us that the arts of musical comedy and comedy without music are quite distinct. Each of them, to my mind, is acceptable in its own way; but then, of course, I am not a superior person. I should be very willing, for example, to sit out 'Winnie Brooke, Widow,' a second time if Mr. Malcolm Watson would restore the musical numbers that were offered to audiences in the provinces, and get some better ones added. I believe that, as a musical comedy, Mr. Watson's piece would be most pleasant. Without music, however, I am afraid I cannot recommend it to you—even for the sake of the Higher Drama."

THE PROMPTER.



Photo. Johnston and Hoffman.

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS KATE CUTLER.



THE HOLIDAY DEATH-ROLL: A PLEASURE-BOAT RUN DOWN BY A LINER ON THE EAST COAST.

SCENES FROM "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE,"—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

A Fine Radish.

MY Essex correspondent is not too late to sow radishes in a frame, or on a warm border, for winter use. It can be done in October, as a matter of fact. Ordinarily, however, the seed should be sown on a moderate hotbed in January, February, and March; also every month during



TURNIP RADISH.

summer in well-prepared places in the open. The radish thrives best when quickly grown in a rich, deep, moist soil. The radish of which I give an illustration, the crimson giant turnip, is solid-fleshed, and of an entirely new type. Its roots attain more than double the size of other forcing varieties without becoming pithy and hollow. A radish of better growing qualities has never before been introduced.

Bordeaux Mixture.

The ordinary Bordeaux mixture, when used on tomato plants after the fruit has attained any size, is objectionable on account of leaving the fruit spray-marked. The mixture that is made by using soda instead of lime will be preferable for this work after the fruit is of any size. The sulphate of copper should be dissolved separately, as for Bordeaux mixture, and the soda in another pail or tub. When both are thoroughly dissolved, the soda solution should be poured into the dilute copper sulphate, and the whole made up to the regulation quantity. The proportions are as follow: sulphate of copper, 12lb.; carbonate of soda (washing soda), 15lb.; water, 100 gallons. The mixture must be tested for acid in the same manner as Bordeaux mixture made with lime, and if there is any discoloration of the bright steel or litmus paper more soda solution must be added. Tomato-growers will find this spray fluid useful, both under glass and in the open.

Leg-Weakness in Fowls.

There are several ailments that will cause a bird to go "off its legs," but the most common is that known as leg-weakness. This ailment attacks young stock, and cockerels more frequently than pullets. The bird is more or less incapable of holding itself up, and frequently sinks to the ground; in severe cases it is unable to stand. The weakness is generally due to a forcing diet. The best treatment is to administer pills composed of phosphate of lime 5 grains, sulphate of iron 1 grain, sulphate of quinine 3 grains, strychnine 1-16th grain; this quantity will make a dozen pills. Dose, one pill each day. A good supply of nourishing food must be allowed: barley, worms, ground raw bones, and chopped meat, with plenty of fresh green food, are excellent. The fowl should be kept in a dry place, and be allowed to sleep on peat moss litter.

Autumn in the Poultry-Yard.

During September the weather frequently changes very suddenly, so that careful watchfulness on the part of the poultry-keeper is doubly essential. Much trouble can, of course, be avoided if suitable shelters are available for the birds. But the necessity for shelter for fowls does not appear to be fully comprehended, and it is by no means common to see poultry that are permitted to have an unlimited range provided with cover for use during stormy weather. Maybe the birds have a good roosting-house, but it is seldom that they will resort to it during the day. They need shelter, and especially during rain and wind; so they should have in their run a dry place in which they can scratch, and thus secure the requisite amount of exercise to keep them in a healthy condition. Moreover, it will prove much more beneficial all round to keep fowls ever "on the go" than to allow them to idle

away the day. Possibly if roosting quarters were not the dark, stuffy places they so frequently are—so made because it is supposed that darkness and warmth induce laying—if they were built with bigger glass windows, and with greater facilities for good ventilation, it would not be necessary to provide the birds with extra covered places. But until this change is made I advise the poultry-keeper to see that his birds have shelter; and let that shelter have rain-proof walls and roof, and a well-drained dry floor, covered with some loose material, as it will do much as a preventive as regards ailments.

Bush Honeysuckle.

A correspondent, writing to *Gardening Illustrated*, has a good word for the weigela, or bush honeysuckle. Apart



BUSH HONEYSUCKLE.

from their value as outdoor shrubs, they may, with other hardy shrubs, be flowered under glass, and employed for the embellishment of the greenhouse or conservatory during the spring months. It should, however, be borne in mind that they are not amenable to hard forcing; indeed, little more than simple protection is necessary in order to induce

them to flower earlier than their normal period. They thrive well within the London area, which cannot be said of many shrubs. Weigelas are fairly gross feeders, and in planting them where the soil is at all poor, a barrow-load or so of manure incorporated therewith will leave its mark on the future growth and display of bloom. There are several varieties, and as they readily cross and inter-cross with the allied species there is now a long list of garden forms, the flowers of which vary in colour from pure white to deep crimson. As a class the weigelas are certainly entitled to rank with the best of our flowering shrubs, for they are perfectly hardy, thrive well in any ordinary garden soil, and are very free-flowering. After the first flush of bloom is over many of them keep up a scattered succession for some time, the most marked in this respect being W. Eva Rathke, whose claret-crimson coloured blossoms are often borne till the end of August. As weigelas are readily propagated, grow quickly, and are not particular in their requirements, they figure as stock plants in most nurseries, and consequently are often represented in the shrubbery border, where, crammed in thickly, they have but little chance to show their beauty. As an isolated specimen, or in a small bed on the grass, so that the lowermost branches sweep the turf on all sides, the different weigelas display their charms to the very best advantage. When established the only attention they need is an annual thinning-out of any old and exhausted shoots, thus encouraging the development of the young and vigorous branches, upon which so much of the future beauty of the plant depends.

Answers to Correspondents.

"A. E. H."—It is not reasonable to expect the chickens which are being reared in a wired-in run to make the same progress as those allowed their liberty in a grass run.

"CORNWALL."—I am unable to recommend any particular part of Devon or Cornwall as a suitable district in which to start a poultry farm. Land and cottages are cheap, I do know, and an advertisement in the *Western Morning Mercury*, published at Plymouth, would no doubt be the means of my correspondent obtaining the kind of place desired.

All Rural Readers

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N.B.—The "P.I.P. Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

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